

The Fortune Hunter

by Ruby Ayres

"You don't look so bad yourself," he said with a playful dig at the Fortune Hunter's ribs. "Fallen on your feet at last—eh? Like me! Yes, I'm one of the new rich for the time being." He glanced back at the handsome and very new car. "What do you think of her? Isn't she a beauty?"

"And your very own?" the Fortune Hunter asked skeptically. "My very own, my boy, and paid for," he chuckled. "Honestly, too," he added more gravely. "That's a surprise, isn't it? Why, the last time I met you, Jeremiah..."

The Fortune Hunter interrupted. "That's not my name now, it's all the same to you, I'm John Smith, and supposed to be more or less respectable," he added with bitter intonation.

"John Smith!" the other echoed reflectively. "Well, they're a big family, those Smiths! I've known lots of them in my time, but why didn't you choose something more uncommon? I like a variety myself."

The Fortune Hunter shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know that I had much choice in the matter," he said dryly. "Anyway, that's my name, so if you are staying here—"

"Bless your heart, I'm not. This is too much of a hole for me—what do they call it? Summerland?"

"Summerland—it's a pretty little place."

"Well, I'm only passing through—seeing England in style, you know," he winked again cheerily. "Any chance of your coming along with me for a bit? Why not let me run up to town for a couple of days? I'll stand all the exes! A change that, eh? It's always been you who've paid the piper."

"I can't, thanks all the same. I'm—well, I'm fixed up here for the present. Later on, perhaps, if you're anywhere about, I may be glad to look you up."

There was a note of constraint in the voice which the other man was quick to notice.

"Not in any trouble old boy, I hope," he said earnestly. "If you are, well, anything I can do; but I don't need to tell you. You've got me out of a tight corner more than once." The Fortune Hunter cut him short.

"Nonsense, I'm all right, at least—I've stopped, and for a moment he looked away down the quiet lane.

He was in trouble, desperate trouble, and after all—this man and he had been friends in a queer sort of way for years. It would be a relief to be able to talk openly to someone, a relief to un-

"I stand for American boyhood who build castles in the air and boats—and whose achievements will build the country."—President Harding.

Tucked away in a far corner of Ruthenia in Eastern Europe, there is a little village called Uzhorod, where the girls and boys of the Junior American Red Cross are aiding in the support of a home school for two score boys who lost their parents in the great war. They call their school an "internat."

It was the middle of a bright summer afternoon when visitors from the American Red Cross called at the Uzhorod school. Most of the boys were on the playground, but in the yard near the kitchen six or eight boys were found busily peeling potatoes. "We never have any trouble getting volunteers for that job," the director explained. "We simply tell the boys that they may have as many potatoes for supper as they will peel."

Word soon went forth that the visitors wished to take the boys' pictures. There was an immediate rush for the wash basins. Hair brushes, clothes brushes, and shoe brushes appeared miraculously and a busy five minutes ensued. One of the youngest went the length of procuring from somewhere a bottle of cleaning fluid, and after removing an offending spot from his own coat he pressed the service of his "instantaneous remover" upon his friends. It was all very funny, but it pointed to the sort of training these boys were receiving at their "internat."

This school is among the fortunate few in Southeastern Europe possessing a large playground. The Uzhorod boys utilize a big open space that during the war was used by the soldiers as a drill ground. Recently a friend who visited the "internat" gave the boys a sum of money and they voted to spend all of their unexpected wealth in the purchase of a baseball. Now, during the long afternoons the American game proceeds merrily on the Uzhorod playground where once soldiers marched and counter-

Marched.

Write "em! We print 'em! Send 'em in! Send 'em in! Editor's Yell.

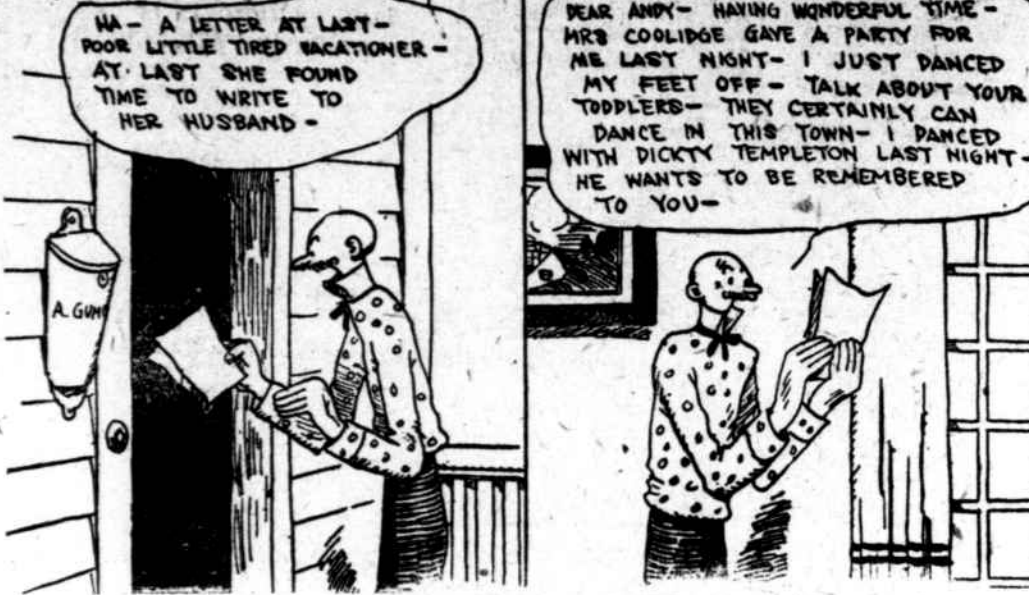
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THE GUMPS—The Letter That He Longed for Came at Last.

Copyright, 1921, by The National Cartoon Company, Inc.



A Full Page of "The Gumps," in Four Colors, in the Comic Section of The Sunday Herald.

burden his soul and be assured of kindly interest and sympathy.

Garry Cannon was a rough diamond. He looked ridiculous in his expensive clothes with a large diamond horseshoe pin stuck in his tie. But his heart was in the right place, and he was sincere enough as he laid a hand on the Fortune Hunter's arm.

"Let's hear what it is, old boy. I know you were down on your luck as soon as I set eyes on you. I suppose it's not money, by the way of your togs—and I know darned well it can't be a woman, as you never look at 'em, so—"

The Fortune Hunter laughed roughly. "Can't be a woman?" he echoed. "You're wrong, Garry. It is a woman—this time."

Tommy Learns a Secret. Garry Cannon pursed his lips into a shrill, drawn-out whistle.

"A woman, is it? My son, no wonder you've got it badly after these years! Who is she? Won't she have you? Is she married? Pooh, don't be faint-hearted! If she's said 'No,' she doesn't mean it. I know 'em. I—"

The Fortune Hunter broke in roughly. "Don't make a joke of it, Garry! It's not a joke—it's a tragedy, and I tell you that I'd gladly give the rest of my life if I could wipe it out or end it honorably."

Garry raised his brows. "Like that, is it?" he said, sympathetically. "Well, let's hear about it."

The Fortune Hunter threw the end of his cigarette on to the road and ground it down with his heel. "It will sound impossible when I try and tell you," he said un- evenly. "Sometimes it seems like a dream to me, and as if it can never really have happened! I wish to God it hadn't—no! I don't mean that! It's been the only happiness I've ever likely to know."

It's just a month ago now—I've been tramping England for some time—I came back from 'Frisco after I left you—you remember?—There's a five-barred gate over there—he pointed across the field—and I was sitting on top of it one evening counting my last eight-and-twenty shillings, and wondering where the devil the next was to come from, when I had the curious sort of feeling that something was going to happen."

"I'm not a fanciful chap, you know that—but, sure enough, as I walked on through the woods, I came across a dead man lying in the bracken."

"He had no papers on him by which he could be identified, as far as I could see, and I was going back to fetch the police when I saw a pocket case lying on the path."

"I opened it, more with an idea of trying to find out who the poor devil was than from mere curiosity, and the name John Smith was written on the fly-leaf. There was a letter from a girl, too—several letters, but I didn't read them all—a girl he was evidently coming home to marry."

"Well, I went on; the road led by the river bank—and I was just in time to get a boy out of the water who had pitched in from a punt. He was a cripple—a poor, miserable little worm, and—"

and he had a girl with him—his sister! The Fortune Hunter's voice faltered a little, and he paused for a moment.

"Go on," Garry prompted him. "Well—well, it was the girl in the letter—the girl that poor devil in the wood was coming home to. She—she asked me to go home with them—I was wet through, of course—"

—so I went! And she asked me what I told her? I've had hundreds of names in the last fifteen years—"

and she believed me! She thought I was the other fellow. He looked at Garry Cannon for the first time, his face hot and ashamed. "I give you my word that the whole thing was forced upon me—I had no time to deny it, or explain."

She—she—well—I stayed—I was very much like the dead man. Afterwards, when I went through his things, I found photographs and things, and I could see the likeness for myself. There was a mystery about him—he'd done time, and the girl had stuck to him—"

waited for him ten years, and I—"

—at first I meant to tell her the truth, or clear out—then—then—I put it off, till—I didn't want to tell her."

His voice broke, and Garry Cannon coughed sympathetically. "Humph! Well, is that all?" he asked, after a moment.

"No—things began to go wrong almost at once, of course. I did my best to find out all about the real Smith, but it was—difficult. Then there was a woman in London, and she wrote, and I had to open the letter. She was a sport in her head—she had a sense of humor for a consideration." His voice was bitter.

"Money?" the other man asked bluntly. "Yes—£10,000. I don't blame her—she had to look after herself, and she told me more than I could ever have found out from anyone else. The fellow was rich, but a swine."

"He's dead, and God knows I'm not judging him, but—"

—I'm no worse than he was. "And they still think you're the man?"

"I don't know; sometimes I can't be sure. There's an uncle—a decent old chap, and the boy Tommy!—a mean-spirited little devil. What are you staring at?"

"Nothing. I thought I saw someone in the hedge behind you, but I think it was a horse in the field. Go on."

I EXPECTED TO BE HOME FRIDAY BUT THEY'RE GOING TO GIVE A HAY RACK PARTY AND A DANCE AT FUNK'S GROVE AND THEY JUST TEASED ME TO STAY OVER FOR IT—SO I'LL BE HOME THE LAST OF NEXT WEEK—CHESTER IS HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE—HE'S WITH HIS GRANDPA ALL THE TIME—WE BOTH MISS YOU VERY MUCH—TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF AND HAVE A NICE REST—LOTS OF LOVE—



HAYRACK PARTY—FUNK'S GROVE—TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF—HAVE A GOOD REST—LOTS OF LOVE—YEAH—IF A STREET CAR RAN OVER ME SHE'D TELEGRAPH HOME TO POSTPONE THE FUNERAL TILL AFTER THE BARN DANCE—IF SHE CATCHES ME DOWN AT THE STATION WHEN SHE GETS BACK IT'LL BE BECAUSE THE WHOLE TOWN'S BURNED DOWN AND THAT'S THE ONLY BUILDING LEFT AND IT'S RAINING BATTLE-AXES—



Montgomery Women Win Timonium Fair Premiums

ROCKVILLE, Md., Sept. 20.—At the recent fair held at Timonium, the Montgomery County Federation of Women's Clubs was awarded first premium for the best collection of canned fruits, meats and vegetables, and Misses Emma Magill, Mary E. Chisholm and Nelma Putnam, of the Four H Club, Garrett Park, were awarded first, second and third premiums, respectively, for the best-made dresses.

Front Royal Boy's Toy Balloon Goes 400 Miles

FRONT ROYAL, Va., Sept. 20.—When young Billy Hines, of this city, wrote his name and address on a toy balloon, filled it with gas and watched it ascend, he little thought it ever would be heard from, but the balloon was found several days later by another boy, Teddy Ryan, in a cornfield near Columbus, Ohio, according to a postcard received by Hines. The airplane distance is approximately 400 miles.

Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A. M. New York—WASHINGTON—Paris Close 6 P. M.

The Lowered Prices of the September Furniture Sale

Make This an Advantageous Time to Select

- | | |
|---|---|
| FOUR LIVING ROOM SUITES | FOUR DINING ROOM SUITES |
| Three-piece Cane and Mahogany Queen Anne Suite, upholstered in black and gold damask\$340 | William and Mary Walnut Suite—buffet, oblong table, extension table, serving and china cabinets; armchair and 5 side chairs...\$775 |
| Two-piece Queen Anne Cane and Mahogany Suite, deep, loose spring cushions.....\$300 | Louis XVI 10-piece Mahogany Suite, beautiful antique brown finish; also in American walnut; simple design\$397.50 |
| Overstuffed Tapestry Suite, davenport, wing-chair and armchair\$279.50 | Elegant 10-piece Heppelwhite Suite of brown mahogany\$525 |
| Elegant Extra Large Suite, consisting of davenport and armchair, pillow arms.....\$550 | 10-piece Queen Anne Mahogany Suite; a design that has met with great favor...\$575 |
- Furniture Section, Sixth floor.

Nickel and White Bathroom Fittings

At the Remarkably Low September Sale Prices

95c and \$1.38

You have only to examine Bathroom Fittings of equal quality of these to determine the usual selling prices.

- NICKEL FITTINGS, 95c EACH—Include 18, 24 and 30-inch Towel Bars; Combination Tumbler and Toothbrush Holders, Combination Tumbler and Soap Holders, Sponge Holders, Wire Tub Soap Dishes, Oval Wall Soap Dishes with Drainers, Stand Soap Dishes with Drainers, Faucet Soap Dishes, Wash Cloth Racks and Toilet Paper Rolls, 18-inch Crystal Bar with nickel fixtures, 18-inch Glass Shelves with nickel brackets.

- WHITE ENAMEL FITTINGS, \$1.38 EACH—18, 24 and 30-inch Towel Bars, 18 and 24-inch Opal Towel Bars, 18 and 24-inch Opal Shelves; Tumbler and Soap Dishes, Tumbler and Toothbrush Holders, Wire Tub Soap Dishes, Wire Wall Soap Dishes, Toilet Paper Holders.

Housewares Section, Fifth floor.

The Boys' Daily Herald

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1921

Price Free With The Big Herald

Boy Scouts Win Many Prizes at Camp Roosevelt

Washington Boy Scouts who camped at Camp Roosevelt on the bay this summer came back with a number of prizes and achievements, and today the Boys' Herald publishes the names of some of the winners.

The following Scouts won camp letters and numerals:

For Third Year Work: Blue numerals, Jack Poole, Troop 2; Robert Hartshorn, Troop 20; White numerals, Kenneth Carpenter, Troop 2.

For Second Year Work: Blue numerals, Troop 3, Butler Hunt and William Fox; Troop 40, Dana Lee and James Mansfield; Troop 51, Jack Taylor; Troop 100, William Stephenson; white numerals, Troop 1, Jack Fair; Troop 57, Slater Davidson; red numerals, Troop 1, Jacquelin Marshall; Troop 40, Jack Lee; Troop 57, Warner Fraser.

For First Year Work: Blue letters, Troop 1, William Jack; Troop 8, Grandin Carmick; Troop 30, Walter Staley; Troop 34, Gerald Munson; Troop 39, Raymond Criss; Troop 40, James Bowen; Troop 57, C. Adelman, Slater Davidson; Troop 100, John Wolf; Troop 52, Cleveland, Ohio, Elborn Drake; white letter, Troop 1, Richard Hunt; Troop 2, E. F. Miller; Troop 8, Edward Marmick; Troop 15, Arthur Vaselet; Troop 49, George Blum; Troop 76, Philip Turner; Troop 91, Richard Goodhart; red letters, Troop 8, Robert Mapes, Richard Hogman; Troop 15, R. Reeves; Troop 17, Dwight Smiley; Troop 33, Henry Blum; Troop 39, Lloyd Apper; R. Norman Jerome Staley; Chas. Gaylord; Troop 48, Lewis Phillips; Troop 49, Robert Rice, William Hutton, Burdett Williams; Troop 51, A. Lutz; Troop 57, Slater Davidson, William Tarver, Preston Fraser; Troop 60, Uberta Owens, Francis Gaskett; Troop 74, Edward Parks; Troop 88, Harry Wender; Troop 100, Daniel Tyrrell, Robert Milans; Troop 101, W. S. White, Russell King, A. Holmes, J. O. Frank, Horace Fountain; Troop 102, George Griffin, R. Clower Staley; Nelson Walton; Topeka Kansas Troop, Whitman.

Disarmament Conference. Boy Scouts will join other organizations in seeking to make Washington a spotless city during the sessions of the Disarmament Conference. The Commissioners request the help in removal of weeds from vacant lots, clearing of untidy rubbish from all premises, and co-operating generally with the spirit of the occasion. Scouts will be on their toes to do their part.

Quarter-back Do's and Don'ts. (Written especially for this newspaper by "Butch" Scanlon, coach, Purdue University, 1920.) Don't carry the ball too much. Don't talk too much. Remember that a word of encouragement to the men at the right time goes a long way. It is well to call signal twice so there can be no error, or misunderstanding. Get at least eight hours sleep every night. Don't get out at night and try to make up for it next night. This rule applies to all players. Be careful of your food. Don't eat greasy dishes, such as pastries, fat meats, etc. This also applies to other men on the team.

Four Appointments At St. John's College. Appointment of four additional members of the faculty of St. John's College School of Commerce and Finance have been announced by Rev. Brother D. Edwards, president.

Those appointed are: Brother Leonard, formerly of Rock Hill College, to teach chemistry and physics; Brother Ephren, formerly of St. Thomas' College, Scranton, to teach mathematics; Brother D. Augustine, formerly of St. Thomas' College, Scranton, to be assistant instructor in English and history; R. Granados, formerly of the University of Seville, Spain, to be head of the Spanish department.

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Uzhorod School Boys Clean-Up For Red Cross

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Prince Georges Sunday Schools Elect Officers

HYATTSVILLE, Md., Sept. 20.—The Prince Georges Sunday School Association has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, H. L. Stanforth, Mount Rainier; vice president, Rollin Reno, Capitol Heights; recording secretary, Leroy Humphrey, Meadows; corresponding secretary and treasurer, C. F. Glass, Hyattsville; superintendent children's division, Mrs. M. E. Morley, Hyattsville; young people's division, W. E. Scott, Laurel; adults' division, the Rev. H. C. Cannon, pastor, Hyattsville M. E. Church, South; home department, H. W. Fowler, Townshead; religious education, Frank M. Stephen, Riverdale; publicity, W. E. Collier, Tuxedo; missions, Mrs. James Severa, Hyattsville; temperance, M. H. B. Hoffman, Hyattsville; chairman of Lord's Day alliance work for the county, F. L. Middleton, of Washington, president of the Maryland State Sunday School Association.

A meeting of the executive committee, comprising the above officers, will be held at the Bellevue Farms restaurant, 1389 G street northwest, Washington, next Friday at 8 o'clock, when plans for the year will be outlined. Abner B. Brown, of Baltimore, secretary of the State association, will attend.

The association is planning to take up with the county board of education a proposition whereby pupils attaining 90 per cent in Sunday School attendance will receive 2 per cent addition to their general average in the public schools.

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